



HOLY THURSDAY

'Twas on a Holy Thursday their innocent faces clean
 The children walking two a two in red & blue & green
 Grey-headed headles walk'd before with wands as white as
 Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow
 O what a multitude they sent to these flower of London town
 Seated in companies they set out radiant all their own
 The hum of multitudes was there but multitudes of lambs
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands
 Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
 Or like harmonious thunderings the seats of heaven among
 Beneath them sit the aged men wise guardians of the poor
 Then cherish pity lest you drive an angel from your door



The Ecchoing Green

The Sun does arise
 And make happy the skies
 The merry bells ring
 To welcome the Spring
 The sky-lark and thrush
 The birds of the bush
 Sing louder around
 To the bells cheerful sound
 While our sports shall be seen
 On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John with white hair
 Does laugh away care
 Sitting under the oak
 Among the old folk.

They